THE PEABODY FUNERAL. THE MONARCH AND PLYMOUTH AT PORT-LAND.

THEIR ARRIVAL A SURPRISE—THE PROGRAMME FOR THEIR RECEPTION SADLY INTERFERED WITH—SPLENDID PERFORMANCE OF THE

MONARCH AT SEA. PORTLAND, Jan. 25 .- The Monarch and Plymo with the remains of George Peabody, arrived here late this evening, in a storm of rain and sleet, and rather unexpectedly. The report that the fleet had been seen off Montauk Point reached Portland this morning, but was generally discredited by the naval was very far out of the route the vessels were expected to take, and not even in the route of the vessei which spoke them.

A driving snow and rain fell all day, freezing as it fell, and the weather was so thick that if the fleet made the Capes it was supposed that it would put about and wait. At 4 o'clock, however, heavy guns were heard in the offing, and the pilot boats hurried out to sea. Two or three small tugs attempted to follow, but put back about 9 o'clock. The Monarch and Plymouth came in and anchored for the night in the outer harbor, about three miles from the city, Capt. McComb of the Plymouth coming ashore in the Government tug Leyden soon afterward to report to

the Admiral. In consequence of this rather inopportune arrival, the arrangements for the first reception have all miscarried. The fleet was to have waited outside till daylight, if it came by night, and to have been signalized to all the city, long before it hove in sight, by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. monitors, which have been anchored with banked fires, were to steam up and meet the ships outside the Capes, and the gans of Forts Preble and Scammel, were to been their welcome. Of course noth-ing of this has been done. Probably it was deemed safer, on account of the weather, to run in at once. There has been no signal of any kind; and very few are aware of the arrival.

To-morrow morning, early, the monitors will leave their anchorage and steam out to the ships. The whole fleet, the Monarch, Plymouth, Miantonomah, and Terror, with probably the Government tugs Leyden and Cohasset, and the revenue cutter Maboning, will then make a ceremonious entrance into the inner harbor. Admiral Farragut will go aboard about noon. The coffin, however, will not be landed until the next day.

The funeral flect has had a prosperous passage, with some severe gales, but none severe enough to test very dangerously the sea-going qualities of either vessel. Off Ushant they parted company in a storm, and did not meet again until they reached Madeira, which had been appointed for their coaling station. There the United States steam corvette Plymouth awaited her consort at Funchal for several days, until stress of weather drove her to seek a more secure anchorage on the other side of the island, and there she found the Monarch already arrived. From Madeira to Portland the two ships were almost side by side. The Plymonth went into Bermuda to get the mails and orders, but the Monarch did not, and coal was replenished only at Madeira. Most of the voyage was made under sail.

As they approached the latitude of New-York, continnous thick weather prevented their taking any observations, and thus it was that they found themselves last Sunday off Montank Point. The Plymouth hailed the steamer which afterward reported her at Philadelphia. As the two ships sailed all the way with flags at balf mast, it must have been known who they were, but the Philadelphian refused to stop long enough even to give the bearings, and his reply to Capt. Macomb's hail could not be made out. The Plymouth fired a shot, which only accelerated his departure; but the Monarch was behind, and opening her turrets gave him a shot across the bow, which caused him to send a boat aboard.

The American officers speak in the most enthusiastic terms of the sea-going qualities of the Monarch, and evidently believe that there is no vessel like her affoat. She hardly recled in the heaviest seas. "Why, I believe," said Capt. Macomb, "that she could use her guns in anything short of a gale of wind. She seem rather superfluous. could bring her turrets into action when the sea was so rough that I could not even exercise my guns. I never saw her do anything worse than lurch to leeward at an angle not greater than twenty degrees, and she would not have done that if she had not been under sail." She made with ease 200 miles a day with sails alone. Speed and stendiness are two of her greatest points. She is inferior to our monitors chiefly in her heavy draught and hight out of water, which presents, of course, a greater vulnerable surface. Her interior fittings are of the most magnificent description for an iron-clad, and far superior, for instance, to those of vessels like

The storm has abated, and to-morrow promises to be clear; but the horrible condition of the streets will interfere sadly with the contemplated parade when the body is landed.

PEABODY'S BIRTHPLACE.

SOUTH DANVERS-WHERE GEORGE PEABODY WAS BORN-WHERE HE SOLD GROCERIES-WHERE HE IS TO BE BURIED-AN OLD SEN-TIMENTAL ROMANCE.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT] PEABODY, Mass., Jan. 20.-The town of South Danvers, in which George Peabody was born, in which he served his apprenticeship to a country shopkeeper, in which he founded one of the noble institutes of popular education that bear his name, and in which, after this magnificent funeral proces eion of a whole month's duration, his remains will at last repose, is to all intents and purposes a part of Salem, and in some of its features not unlike that ancient and ghost-haunted seaport. I speak of it as South Danvers, for it has come so lately into its new name of Peabody, adopting after a fashion not uncommon with legatees the family appellation which belongs with the property, that the change has not yet renewed the faces of the sign-boards, and is only half-recognized in the talk of the inhabitants. The main street of Salem runs out along the crest of a hill, with a general determination toward the northwest, but with erratic impulses now and then to the right and left. It never gets into the country, and its broad, quaint, comfortable, old houses are scarce ly far enough apart to have even a suburban look be fore, up the elm-shaded street, comes a persistent smell of leather, the road pitches down into a little valley full of tanneries, then up another hill whose slopes are mostly hang with hides, and upon whose crest stands the brick and granite building of the Peabedy Institute, down once more into a second hollow likewise given up to leather; and there you are in the heart of South Danvers. A single-track borse-railway, with infrequent turn-outs, and still more infrequent cars, stretches from here through Salem. You may come that way if you are in no particular burry, but if pressed for time you had

better walk. It is not natural to look for beauty in a village which devotes itself to tanning hides and spreading tap-bark around its door-yards, only varying these useful pursuits by the cognate industry of manufacturing gine; but Peabody in spite of unsavory smells is a pretty place, and the pilgrims who visit it during the approaching ceremonies will find the Massachusetts Mecca not unworthy of its shrine. A Massachusetts village, especially an old Massachusetts village, in which the shade trees have had years enough to develop their beautiful proportions and spread their arms acros the wide roadway, and whose best houses were built before the day of staring white clap-boards and prim green blinds (you know the kind of house I mean ;front door close to the street; hollyhocks, phlox, and | Penbody, an eminent merchant of Salem, and his

prince's feather under the parlor windows], is always with bare trees and muddy roads, Peabody has a clean, thrifty, substantial, and withal tasteful appearance. It is pretty well stricken in years for an American village. The old houses are many enough and prominent enough to give it an antique aspect, in spite of the factories; and flavors of the half-forgotten past, such as hung around Hawthorne's customhouse down at the port, are wafted along its quiet road. Off to the right, at the foot of the ridge, there is a pond or inlet of brackish water; a steam railway runs along there, and there most of the factories are authorities, and even the pilots did not think it worth while to go out and look for them. Montauk road there is an old graveyard. Right newer and more fashionable place of sepulture, where the upper classes may be interred with all the modern improvements, including a patent burial case and a granite monument. Mr. Peabody's remains will be placed in this grove, but the precise spot for their permanent resting place has not yet been selected. THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. PEABODY WAS BORN.

In company with Mr. Poole, the courteous Librarian of the Institute, I went to see the house in which Mr. Peabody was born. It is on the outskirts of the village, and eighty years ago was probably quite in the country. What it was eighty years ago, it is not now in any respect, save that most of the old building remains and can be identified. A long L has been added; a small kitchen which was anciently attached to the rear like an excrescence, has been moved away; and improvements, enlargements, and alterations have been made to such an extent that the old place has all the external appearance of a modern Yankee village house. A few rods in the rear is a tannery; a few rods away at one side is a glue-factory, and the owner of the factory, Mr. Upton, is also the owner though not the occupier of the house. We met the lady of the house near the door, and she very kindly gave us permission to enter, and showed us all that remains of the old house where Thomas Peabody lived and his son George was born. It was a two-story house, with a short hall and narrow stairway in the middle, and on each floor a single small room on each side of the hall-four rooms in all. These, with the kitchenouthouse, now removed, comprised the whole. The front door opens close to the ground and only a foot or two from the street railing. There is no porch and the front of the house is almost as bare as if it had been shaved off with a plane. Bare and ugly enough the place must have been when the old Pepbody family held it; though now with its enlarged proportions, bright paint, and neat appearance it is so far improved that a sensitive man might perhaps live in it without absolute unhappiness. The original rooms have not been altered. On the first floor they are only a little over six feet high, and across the middle of the ceiling runs a beam which tall visitors must stoop to pass. The heavy timbers of the framework are also conspicuous at the corners. But for these, with the fresh wall-paper, bright carpets, and modern furniture, there would be nothing in the appearance of the rooms to remind you of their age. "I have tried everywhere," said Mrs. 'to get some furniture which belonged to the old place, but not a bit can be found. I would like above all things to make at least one of these rooms look as it did when the Peabodys had it.'

"You must be very much annoyed with visitors," said I, " and I am ashamed of my own intrusion upon your patience."

"Oh, not at all; I know that strangers like to see the house, and I am very happy to show it."-But before the funeral is over, I fear the kind lady's good nature will be taxed to its uttermost limits.

The room in which George Peabody was born is the one up stairs on the right as you enter the house. The town is very proud of that room. It was pointed out to us before we reached the house by a citizen whom we met in the road. "We intended," said -, " to drape the house in mourning on the day of the funeral; but the town authorities asked us to leave that duty to them. The procession will probably pass by here." If it does, it will have to pass a great deal out of its way; and considering that Mr. Peabody himself never showed any attachment to the house, such honors to those four little rooms

THE INSTITUTE.

I shall not detain you with a description of the Peabody Institute, for that has been described too often. A placard on the door announces that it is closed to the public until after the "funeral obsequies," but I had no difficulty in obtaining leave to see what had been done in the way of preparation. The library, on the lower floor, is fitted up for the lying in state. A rich catafalque, draped with black velvet and silver fringe, and studded with the conventional emblems and ornaments of grief, occupies the middle of the room, and around it is a railing, draped in mourning. and pointing out the way for spectators to enter, walk about the bier, and pass out by another door. At the head of the bier is the celebrated portrait of Queen Victoria, presented by Her Majesty to Mr. Peabody a few years ago, and now kept in a kind of safe, built into the rear wall of the library and closed by large doors. When these doors are thrown open the picture will be seen in a very appropriate position. The walls of the library will be draped, and the flags of England and the United States intertwined among the drapery. I have seen in various newspapers descriptions of the somber magnificence of this draped hall; but the descriptions are prophetic rather than historical, for as yet not much has been done. The writers have trusted more to the decorator's written scheme than to personal observation. The lecture-room on the second floor is at present in half-mourning, and will be more fully draped for the eulogy which is to be delivered there some time next month by Mr. A. A. Abbott, President of the Board of Trustees.

GEORGE PEABODY'S SHOP. Nearly opposite the Institute is the shop in which George Peabody, during his apprenticeship, served out groceries to the village customers. It is a little white wooden building, plain enough outside, and distinguished within by that uncomfortable sort of perverse irregularity which generally marked the achievements of country architects in old times. It has been enlarged by additions at the rear, but is otherwise unchanged, except by the introduction of larger front windows than used to be the fashion. The groceries have now given place to drugs, and one corner is used as a telegraph office. A smart lad behind the counter told me all he could of Mr. Peabody's visit to the town last year, but there was little

"Did he come to see this shop?" "Well, yes, Sir; he drove by in a carriage, but he did not get out; he was very feeble, and he hardly

got out anywhere." I doubt whether he would have got out had he been stronger; for if he never showed a special interest in the house of his birth, there is no reason why he should have been more concerned about the scene of his apprenticeship. His attachment to South Danvers manifested itself entirely in solicitude for the welfare of its inhabitants. From that mild form of egotism which makes men sentimental about the scenes of their early struggles he appears to have been entirely free.

THE GRAVEYARD. A short walk brought me to Harmony Grove, where the grave is to be dug, and probably at some future time a statue to be erected. For the present, the body will be buried in a lot belonging to the Peabody family of Salem,-distant relations of the deceased philanthropist. It is only a few rods from the entrance. There is a granite monument on the plot, about twelve or fifteen feet high, copied from the upper part of the well-known Walter Scott monu-

ment, and bearing upon its sides the names of Joseph

three sons Francis, George, and Joseph A., the second of whom is living. On the opposite side of the road, half way up a steep and rugged hill, is a burial plot which George Peabody bought for himself several years ago. A heavy granite monument in the form of a sarcophagus has been erected here, and when it was first put up the name "GEORGE PEABODY," in large raised letters, appeared all along the front. Mr. Peabody was in Europe when all this was done. A photograph of the monument was sent him, and he immediately ordered the name cut off; whether because it seemed estentations, or because he did not wish his tombstone put up before he was dead, I do not know. The pediment is divided into panels with slabs of white marble set in for inscriptions. There are three panels in the front, three in the rear, and one at each end. The center panel in front bears the following inscription commemorative of Mr. Peabody's father and mother:

THOMAS PEABODY.
Died 1811, aged 49.
JUDITH DODGE, His wife.
Died 1830, aged 59.

The left hand panel is blank. On the right is the

following: DAVID PEABODY. Died 1841, aged 51. ACHSAH S. PEABODY. Died Feb. 1821, aged 29.

These were brother and sister of George. Miss Achsah Peabody was a milliner, and kept a little shop in South Danvers. Another brother and sister are recorded on one of the end panels:

THOMAS PEABODY, died April 1835, aged 34.

MARY G. P.— MARSH, died Aug. 1834,
aged 27.

All the other panels are blank. Mr. Peabody took strong dislike to this burial place after it was finished, partly, perhaps, because in grading it the trees, which were its original charm, had to be cut down. A new plot will therefore be selected in another part of the cemetery. Harmony Grove stands upon the top and side of a hill. The side, which is well shaded, and broken by charming irregularities of surface, is to my taste much the finest part of the ground; but there is a fashion in being buried as well as in less solemn duties of existence, and fashion at Harmony Grove has set resolutely in the direction of the crest of the hill, where a fine view of Salem, Peabody, and the surrounding country may be had by any mourner who is disposed to take it, and lots are laid off with rectangular roads and a Philadelphian sameness of gray stone posts, Somewhere up here George Peabody's grave will probably be. JOHN TN OLD-PASHIONED ROMANCE.

Going over this ground I was reminded of another grave, almost within sight, which I must tell you a little about, though it is as far from having any connection with George Peabody as anything well could be. In the old graveyard I spoke of by the roadside, separated from Harmony Grove by a narrow valley and pond, is a red sandstone slab, more than half clipped away by sentimental pilgrims to the resting place of the once celebrated Eliza Wharton. That is the name at least by which she figures in a novel that about the end of the last century set all romantic young women a-crying over the true story of an unfortunate and beautiful girl. "The Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton," (I am not sure of the exact title) told with not very exemplary spirit the not very exemplary story of a young lady who had been well known in society, and whose fate excited an extraordinary interest. A year or two ago a new edition of this forgotten book was published with an introduction by a Mrs. Locke; but new and old have now alike passed out of the shops. It was the old tory of a gay and thoughtless life, of ruin, and lonely death,-the seducer in this case being a married man. In our days of opera bouffe, Ouida, and Medora Leigh, the novel would probably be thought unbearably dull; but the palates of our great-grandmothers were not used to such highly-seasoned literary fare, and they found it all very exciting; it was so nice and wicked, and then it was all true. The lady's real name was Elizabeth Whitman. It is an actual fact that more than half her tombstone has been carried away, bit by bit, by relic-hunters, and when I saw it the edges were freshly chipped, and a small stone lying at the foot of the slab had apparently been used as a hammer. So see the race of sentimental pilgrims still flourishes. Nearly all the inscription, including the name, has been broken away, and much of what remains is illegible without more pains than I cared to bestow upon it; but I could make out the follow ing fragments: "Sustained the loss of every friend

[exam]ple of calm resignation. interred here 1788. The tears of strangers watered her grave." What a comment upon this last line is the broken slab! Instead of watering her grave with tears, strangers have combined for the last two generations in a silly conspiracy to steal her tombstone,

THE COMING OF THE SILENT GUEST.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON. BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Lo! England sends him back to us!

With sealed eyes and folded palms,

He drifts across the wintry sea,

Which chants to him its thousand psalms.

We proudly name and claim him ours, We take him, England! from thy breast; We open wide our doors to him, Who cometh home a silent guest.

We lent him thee to teach thy sons The lesson of the Open Hand— Lest famished lips should bless them less, Than him—the stranger in their land!

We lent him, living, unto thee, To be a solace to thy pain; But now, we want his noble dust, To consecrate it ours again.

England! we take him from thine arms! We thank thee for thy reverent care! If thou and we were ever friends, We should be so beside his bier.

His memory should be a spell To banish spleen and bitterness— Have kindher thoughts of us, for he Was tender unto thy distress!

As we have kindlier thoughts of thee, Because of honor done to him— For while we weep, we turn to see That English eyes with tears are dim!

JETER PHILLIPS AGAIN RESPITED. RICHMOND, Jan. 25 .- Jeter Phillips, who was o have been hung to-day for the murder of his wife, was respited until February 25. This is the ninth respite the prisoner has had, his case having been taken out of the hands of the State authorities under the Reconstruction

FUNERAL OF BISHOP CHASE.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Jan. 25 .- The funeral of the Right Rev. Carlton Chase, Bishop of New-Hampshire, took place in Trinity Church to-day, with solemn and impressive services. Among the distinguished clergymei present were Bishops Williams of Connecticut, Bissell o present were Bishops Williams of Connecticut, Bissell of Vermont, and Neally of Maine, the Rev. Drs. Haight of New-York, Hubbard, Eames, Parker, and Herrick of New-Hampshire, and others; also many fellow graduates of the deceased at Dartmouth, and several societies. The body of the deceased, in official rolles, lay in a black walnut casket, with silver trimmings, the plate on the casket bearing the following inscription: "Carlton Chase, Bishop of New-Hampshire, born in Hopkinton, Feb. 20, 1724, died at Claremont, Jan. 18, 1870."

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION.

CINCINNATI, Jan 25 .- The stockholders of the Little Miami and Columbus and Xenia Railreads to-day ratified, by a unanimous vote, the perpetual lease of those roads to the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, guaranteed by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, beginning Dec. 1, 1869, at an annual rental, free of tax and assessments, lof \$400,000. The stock of the Lattle Miami Railroad will be increased by \$47 per cent stock dividend, making the total stock of both roads \$6,00,000. This arrangement gives the stockholders 8 per cent annual dividends, payable quarterly, less expenses of organization.

THE NEW-YORK WORKINGMEN'S ASSEMBLY. ALBANY, Jan. 25 .- The sixth annual session of the New-York State Workingmen's Assembly commenced this morning in Iron Molders' Han, McClure's Bullding. About fifty delegates were present. Mr. Wm. J. Jessup, President, called the Assembly to order, and, after calling the roll of officers, delivered his annual address. After referring to the object of the abnual session, to

adopt such measures as will tend to benefit, elevate, and ameliorate the condition of the working classes, without reference to craft, creed, religion, or nationality, he proceeded to a discussion of the various subjects affecting the interests of the workingmen, including the Eight-Hour law, Apprentice law, Conspiracy law, convict labor, and prison contracts, organization of female labor, colored and coolle labor; also the questions of strikes, monopolies, immigration, labor exchange, cooperation, and political action. His report was adopted.

FOREIGN NEWS. SPAIN.

THE ELECTIONS-MONTPENSIER NOT A DEPUTY. MADRID, Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1870.

The report that the Duke of Montpensier had been returned to the Cortes from Oviedo was premature. The election there has not ended. The Republican candidate running against the Duke is now ahead, and the defeat of the latter is considered certain.

Elections are still in progress elsewhere to fill vacancies in the Cortes.

In Madrid the Marquis of Perales is a candidate for the seat of Marshal Serrano. At the closing of the polls last night he had received 19,000 votes, while the Republican candidate, Guissalos, had 15,000 and the Carlist candidate 5,000 votes. The elections here will continue three days longer.

THE BOURBON DEBATE-GEN. PRIM'S STATE-MENTS.

The proposition for the exclusion of the House of Bourbon from the Spanish Throne came before the Constituent Cortes yesterday for final action, and was the occasion of an exciting debate. Gen. Prim participated, and made a personal statement. In the course of his remarks he declared that the proposition was unjust to exclude all the Bourbons. He desired to explain that his words were not designed particularly to favor the Duke of Montpensier. He would go with the majority, whoever might be chosen. At length a vote was reached, and the proposal was rejected by a large majority: Yeas, 38; Nays, 151.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT-MINERS' STRIKE-A WORKMEN'S MEETING-RUSKIN AND FROUDE TO AD-DRESS IT.

LONDON, Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1870. Parliament will reassemble on the 8th of February. The Hon. Francis Egerton, member for East Derbyshire, will move, and Mr. Charles Wenworth Dilke, member for Chelsea will second the address to the

Ouden. A report has been current that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but it is positively contradicted. The miners of Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales have struck for the reduction of the time of a

day's work to eight hours. The new Bishop of Oxford was consecrated at Westminster Abbey to-day. The Greek Archbishop Lycurgus was present.

Announcements are out for a workmen's meeting to promote a closer union of England and her colonies. Earl Grey is to preside, and Messrs. Ruskin and Froude will make speeches. Carlyle, Mill, and Tennyson express sympathy with the movement. The Stock Board has placed the Dominican loan negotiated last year by President Baez on its list.

SUICIDE OF AN AMERICAN. Mr. Charles Thornton, an American, and a merchant of Bradford, Yorkshire, committed suicide there yesterday. The particulars are unknown.

FRANCE.

THE CREUZOT STRIKE-DEPUTY GAMBETTA. Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1870.

The strikers among the miners and operatives at La Creuzot is ended, and order has been restored. At the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte Deputy Gambetta will appear for the family of Victor Noir.

CUBA.

THREE INSURGENT GENERALS CAPTURED. HAVANA, Jan. 25.—Capt. Boit, the commander of a band of loyal guerillas, lately captured the insurgent Gens. Marcano, Leiva, and Figueredo, together with the family of the latter, in the vicinity of Bayamo. Boit and his prisoners have arrived at Santiago. The insurgent leader, Jesus Santos, has surrendered to the Spanish authorities.

SALNAVE AND HIS PARTISANS OUTLAWED-A SIONAL GOVERNMENT. PORT-AU-PRINCE, Jan. 11 .- One of the first

acts of the Provisional Government has been to issue a decree outlawing Salnave and 30 of his chief partisan putting at the same time a price of \$5,000 gold on the putting at the same time a price of \$5,000 gold on the head of Salnave. The decree sets forth that the individuals at whom it is aimed have exposed themselves to exem-plary punishment in consequence of having committed the most monstrous crimes, in organizing pillage, incen-diarism, and assassination into a system of defense; the most monstrous crimes, in organizing pinage, intendiarism, and assassination into a system of defense; and also that it is imperatively necessary that all pretext for continuing resistance on the part of the adherents of Salnave, still holding certain points of secondary importance, should be removed. All citizens are invited to pursue the outlaws. It has been also decreed that all other insurgents who shall fall within 48 hours of the publication of this edict to give up their arms, and submit themselves to the revolutionary authorities, shall be also outlawed. The list of the outlawed includes the name of Gen. Tate, Salnave's Minister to the United States.

GENERAL TELEGRAPH NEWS.

The earnings of the Union Pacific Rail-

.... The U.S. steamer Newbern arrived at San Francisco from Sitka on Monday, with Gen. Jefferson C. Davis and family on board.

... The Hudson River is again comparatively free from ice. Loaded sloops left Albany yesterday for this city, and the steamer Connecticut reached Troy without any difficulty.

... In Lowell, Mass., yesterday, a building on Jefferson-st., occupied by eight poor families, were destroyed by fire, and William Dolan, aged 12 years, was burned to death.

By returns just completed it is ascertained that the gross sales of wholesale dealers in Chicago, during the past year, amount to \$471,000,000, an increase of 214 per cent over last year.

... A fire in Somerville, Mass., vesterday, destroyed one of the buildings of the Metallic Compression Casting Company, with some valuable machinery, involving a total loss of \$25,000. Insured.

The strike of the Swedish laborers on the Lake Superior Railroad has ended, and nearly all of them have returned to their work at the reduced wages of \$1.50 per day. There was no bleodshed and no shantles burned, as reported.

So far only slight rains have fallen in Southern California, and fears of a drouth are expressed by the settlers, some of whom are looking for pastures further North; others are thinking of killing their cattle for their hides and tallow. Mr. F. S. King, the first officer of the

steamer America, and formerly commander of the steamers Ocean Queen and Rising Star, of the Aspinwall route, died suddenly at Yokahama, Dec. 30. His body has been embalmed, and has arrived at San Francisco en route for New-York. ... A fight between two bruisers named Seddons and Lafferty took place near 8t. Louis yesterday, which was won by Seddons after fighting 19 rounds. After the above encounter Mesars. Carrey and Gallagher entered the ring and fought 18 rounds, when Carrey was defeated.

...An examination of the accounts of P. B. Hathaway, late money-order clerk in the Hartford Pest-Office, shows that he is a defaulter to the amount of \$1,200, and perhaps more. Hathaway retired from the position on the 15th inst, since which time nothing has been heard from him.

been heard from him.

....Capt. Alfred Beals of the steamer Eastern

....Capt. Alfred Beals of the steamer Eastern

Me., was instantly killed as the boat was going into the
dock. He was on the harricane deck, in the act of speaking to the engineer, when he was struck by the walkingbeam, and his head crushed in a dreacful manner. He
leaves a wife and three children in Hallowell.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT-TWO MEN PROBABLY

The locomotive of the 12:30 train from this city on the New-Jersey Railroad struck a wagon that city on the New-Jersey Railroad struck a wagon that was crossing the track at Dean Pond, near Monmonth Junction, yesterday, causing fatal injuries to an occupant of the wagon and seriously injuring another. The wagon was drives by a farmer juamed Eaosley, who had with him his son and another man whose name is not known. When they were struck by the locomotive the wagon, which was moving across the track, was threwn a distance of 100 feet. Mr. Eadsley was thrown one side, his companions the other. The former received injuries that are pronounced fatal by the physicians. His companion was also severely but and was taken up usensible. The boy cacapod without serious injury.

THE BONAPARTE MURDER.

THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR THE HOME OF THE MARTYR-"TO PARIS! TO PARIS!"-THE RETURN OF THE POPULACE

TO THE CITY-THE DISPERSION OF THE MOB Paris, Jan. 12.-Since the Emperor Napoleon III. has occupied the throne of France no such demonstration has been seen in Paris as was witnessed at the funeral of M. Victor Noir. The Marseillaise of this morning announced the funeral, and invited the populace of Paris to be present, and though the edition was seized soon after its publication, a sufficient number of copies were circulated to render the invitation public. It was generally expected that this would be made the occasion of a demonstration against the Emperor, and while the majority of the vast multitude that poured out of the city to Neuilly were doubtless sympathizers with the Rochefort party, there were many others who were probably drawn thither from motives of curiosity. The funeral was from the house of the deceased, at Neuilly. in the western suburbs of the city, and the body was interred in the Cemetiere de Neuilly, which was close at hand.

The time appointed was at noon, and as the approached the streets of Paris seemed comparatively deserted, while every stage running in the direction of Neuilly was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the boats down the Seine were also well filled. Upon one of these latter I found a place, and debarking at the Pont de l'Alma followed the crowd, who were all moving in the same direction. As we reached the Are de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the Avenue de la Grande Armée, leading thence to the Barriere de Neuilly, presented a lively scene. Omnibuses, coaches, and vehicles of every description were pouring down the center of the broad avenue, while the sidewalks were crowded with a dense throng composed of every class of the community. All were quiet and orderly but as they hurried eagerly along it was easy to see from their sober and earnest countenances that they were bent upon no holiday excursion. At the Barriere de Neuilly was stationed a large squad of Sergeants de Ville, but no demonstration was made upon either side, and still the crowd pressed eagerly on. The home of Victor Noir was in a small street near

the Avenue de Neuilly, and in turning into this we found it completely choked up by a flood of human beings. Not only was the street literally packed, but every window was crowded, the roofs were covered, and hundreds had mounted the fences, the trees, and every available place that commanded a view above the heads of the multitude. Upon every door-step was a vendor of immortelles, and every sympathizer with the murdered man wore a sprig in his button-hole. We had waited here some time when there was a sudden movement in the crowd, and the cry went up from a thousand voices of "Vire Rochefort," and every face was turned in expectation toward the house. M. Rochefort soon appeared at the window, accompanied by M. Raspail, and each made a brief address, which was received by the people with expressions of approbation and renewed cries of "Vive Rochefort."

A funeral car of the plainest and simplest kind soon appeared at the end of the street, and slowly made its way through the throng to the door. The coffin, covered by an immense wreath of immortelles and bouquets of beautiful flowers, was placed in it, and the cortege started for the cemetery. M. Rochefort, who looked exceedingly pale and wearied, followed directly behind the hearse on foot, accompanied by the immediate friends of M. Noir, while before, behind, and all around was the crowd. Hardly had the procession commenced to move when the cry, " To Paris! to Paris!" was raised, and soon became general, mingled with shouts of " Vive Rochefort! Vive la Republique?" As we turned into the Avenue de Neuilly the scene was one such as is rarely witnessed. The vast crowd which was variously estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000, became wild with excitement. A man who seemed to be of the better class of workingmen mounted the hearse crying, To Paris! to Paris!" and the cry was echoed from the throats of the whole vast assemblage. The reins were snatched from the hands of the driver and he was forced to dismount; the horses were rapidly detached, and the hearse was seized by the people and turned in the direction of raris. At this junction M. Louis Noir, the brother of M. Victor Noir, mounted upon the hearse, and at his appearance the multitude became more calm, and by his direction the hearse was again turned and drawn to the ceme-

The tumult now subsided to a great degree, and the people seemed about to leave quietly for Paris, when the appearance of M. Rochefort was the signal for a fresh outburst. He had been taken suddenly ill, and had left the procession soon after it moved, and he now appeared in a carriage attended by two of his associates of the Marseillaise. He drove to the cemetery, but finding that it was impossible to enter, the carriage was turned in the direction of Paris. The whole human tide now set in the same direction, and the excitement became greater than ever. The cries of " Vive Rochefort! Vive la Republique!" were taken up with renewed energy, and to these was added the cry "To the Corps Legislatif! To the Corps Legislatif!" The song of the Marseillaise was taken up and sung as it has not been sung in France for the last 20 years. To this was added the song of the Girondists and the Chant du Depart, and the effect was thoroughly inspiriting even to a neutral American. But I noticed that after all there was a large

portion of the crowd that seemed to have very little idea as to what it all meant. While the workingmen of all ages were out in full force, the better classes were represented almost entirely by young men, chiefly clerks and students, and many seemed to regard the whole thing as a good joke, or a grand fête, rather than as a demonstration against the Empire, as it really was. They would shout "Vice la Republique!" till they were hoarse, and then laugh at the effect, and they would join in the chorns " Aux armes, Citoyens !" with all the strength of their lungs, and then congratulate each other upon their style of singing.

As we neared the Barriere de Neuilly, through which we must pass to enter Paris, the enthusiasm diminished notably, for the crowd seemed exceedingly doubtful as to the reception they might meet with. Here we found as before a large squad of Sergeants de Ville, accompanied by several Commissaires de Police. No troops were visible, but it was evident that they were close at hand, as two or three officers accompanied by drummers were standing by. No opposition was made to the entrance of the crowd, however, and thereupon they took fresh courage and became more noisy and demonstrative than ever. The windows on either side of the avenue were crowded by sympathizing friends who joined in the shouts, of the multitude and applauded the singing. Reënforcements poured in from every side, and when we reached the Arc de Triomphe the multitude could not have numbered less than 200,000 souls. The whole was led by the carriage of M Rochefort who made no demonstration whatever. As we passed the Arc de Triomphe, I noticed a mounted soldier receiving orders from a gen-

tleman in citizen's dress, whereupon he galloped away at full speed. As yet the movement had received no check whatever, and the living tide poured down the Champs Elysées. As we neared the Rond Point I was able by mounting some steps to overlook the multitude. The Arc de Triomphe was about half a mile distant, and this portion of the Champs Ely ices is about 150 feet in width. Every! foot of this vast area was black with human beings. Notwithstanding the noise and tumult, the people did not seem exceedingly belligerent. I was particularly struck with one incident Near the Rond Point are two small circular gardens, one upon either side of the carriage road, and as we reached these the crowd divided in order to pass around them. Some mere impatient than the others, were about to leap the fence and pass across the turf, when the cry was

immediately raised: "No! no! Don't spoil the gardens. They belong to the people,'

I was with the foremest of the crowd as we entered the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. This, as its name indicates, is a circular place with streets entering it on every side. At this time it was rapidly growing dark, and suddenly there was such a vio lent recoil of those in tront as to take us nearly off our feet. As soon as I could regain my footing I looked over the heads of the crowd, and there, right in front of us, was a battalion of the Imperial Guard. mounted and drawn up in solid phalanx across the way. I turned to the left-the cavalry were pouring in: to the right, more cavalry. From all sides they came in at full gallop, with clashing sabers and car abines hanging at their sides. The mob was fairly entrapped, and had the order been given they might have been mowed down by the thousands. The multitude absolutely fled like the leaves before the wind. The soldiery occupied the center of the streets only, and took no measures to prevent the dispersion of the mob. And never was a mob dispersed in shorter order. Backward, to the right, to the left, in every direction, they fled perfectly panic-stricken I passed down a side street, in which was stationed a regiment of cavairy, around the Palais de l'Indus trie, and so back again into the Champs Elysées, be hind the soldiery. I could not have been out of the avenue more than ten minutes, but to my astonish ment the mob had entirely disappeared. Not a fraction of it was left. The Imperial Guard was still there, but they were masters of the situation, without drawing a saber or firing a shot. Were it not for their presence, one would not imagine that any thing unusual had transpired.

Passing down to the Place de la Concorde I found everything as quiet as usual. Little knots of men were gathered here and there discussing the events of the day, and the general sentiment seemed to be one of disgust at the cowardice of the mob in not making the slightest stand before the soldiery. Here I learned that the guard had allowed the carriage of M. Rochefort to pass, and that, entirely deserted by the mob, he had gone peaceably to the Corps Legislatif. Going in that direction I found everything as quiet as usual. There was no tumult nor had there been any.

Thus has ended the greatest popular demonstration that Paris has seen since the days of the Second Republic. Its immediate effects have been sufficiently absurd, but what its final results may be cannot yet be told.

ENGLISH EXCITEMENT OVER THE BONAPARTS MURDER-SPIRIT OF THE PRESS-FRENCH MAMELUKES AND ENGLISH FLUNKEYS-WHY ENGLISHMEN ARE BONAPARTISTS-A WORD FOR M. ROCHEFORT,

IFROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. LONDON, Jan. 15 .- Although Mr. Bright has made half a dozen speeches, longer or shorter, since that of Tuesday night, the public interest turns away from home topics to concentrate itself on the tragedy at Paris. It is almost the only matter one hears dis cussed in private, and it has its leading article every morning in every newspaper. That it is which obliges me to notice it. You will scarcely credit the state of feeling in certam quarters in Eugland, Bonapartism has long been the fashion, but this is Bonapartism run mad. There are journals in Paris whose editors take pride in describing themselves as

the Mamelukes of the Emperor. There are journals in London that go lower than that. They are not Mamelukes. They are flunkeys. Of course, I do n't mean all, but some, and when you have read the quotations I am going to make, I leave it to you to say whether my word is harsh-except as the truth sometimes harsh. When the first imperfect, garbled, and one-sided

accounts of the murder reached London there were journals which made haste to explain away the crime and to heap calumnies on the victim and his friends. It was enough for them that the assassin was a Bonaparte. The Times, The Telegraph, and The Standard have so long made it a business to excuse assassina tions on a large scale-the assassinations of the Boulevards, which were rewarded with a crown-that they fall naturally into a strain of excuselfor a single murder committed by one of the same family. The method is simple enough. Begin by explaining what a worthless fellow the victim was, and what a miserable gang he belongs to; leaving the reader to draw the inference that there is no great harm in ridding world of such a wretch.

"The origin of this affair," says The Times of Jan. 12, "lies in the envenomed paragraphs of the Marseillaise, a journal, or rather a periodical issue of invective, emanating from M. Henri Rochefort, the well-known author of the Lanterne, and at present one of the representatives of Paris. This person and his publications are too notorious for any description of his style and that of his friends and colleagues to be necessary."

This is wholly untrue, the "origin" being not in any paragraphs of the Marseillaise, however envenomed, but in paragraphs written by Prince Nape leon Bonaparte himself in a Corsican paper, which surpass in vulgar brutality anything that even English prudery ever falsely charged on M. Rochefort and his colleagues. But true or false, the purpose of The Times is to raise a prejudice against Victor Noir, who was simply bearing a challenge provoked by the Prince's paragraphs; and so to excuse the Prince, "We in this happy country," exclaims our immaculate Jupiter, "know little of printed personalities," and if there be anybody who indulges in them, " be soon finds himself a caput lupinum, against whom men of every class and party are willing to raise their cudgel." And, of course, the imaginary cudgel is England. The transition to the actual pistol bullet of Bonaparte in France is easy; especially when this French personality (with which Victor Noir had nothing on earth to do) is "false and instigated by the vilest motives." The "e coentric Prince" " has been stung, it seems, beyond endurance by the lampoons of the Marseillaise." Then, having suggested every possible excuse for the murder. The Times remarks that it is not yet in a position to give an opinion on the tragic affair, and that " the degree of culpability which belongs to the homicidremains to be ascertained." On the following day it eems to have thought it had gone too far, and betrays an inclination to throw overboard the Prince as an unworthy member of the family. On Friday it swings round again, choosing M. Rochefort as the special object of its attack, and charging him with cowardice, a charge which the most hostile of Parisian journals would scout as ridiculous. M. Rochefort has fought duels enough to be able to refuse to fight, if he likes, which is the last test of a man's reputation in Paris; but this fact, which cannot be unknown to The Times, is not enough to shelter him from its railing. Rochefort is an enemy to the Euperor-it is safe to say anything of him Only two days ago we in this happy country" never indulged in personalities. Now The Times reviles a French journalist as a coward, and as a "lampooner bespattered with his own foul ink." justice even to The Times. It does not always use hard words. If its wrath is excited by the uuguarded rhetoric of M. Rochefort, it succeeds perfectly in curbing its indignation against a murder committed by a Bonaparte. It describes the assas-

sination of Victor Noir as an "untoward episode." The Standard, as is its habit, is far less cautions than The Times, but says plumply: "We believe the general impression, after a comparison of the statenents of the only two witnesses, of the bloody drama of the Rue d'Auteuil will be in favor of Prince Pierre Bonaparte;" and concludes with the declaration: "M. Victor Noir was killed on ground of his own choosing, and beaten at his own game. He, and his more fortunate friend, courted the fate he suffered; they went armed to beard the lion in his dea, knowing well whom they had to encounter.

He whom the Prince murdered was not armed-See Eighth Page.